

AMUSEMENTS.

BLACK'S OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 4.

O'DELL WILLIAMS

In T. W. King's Comedy-drama in three acts.

THE JUDGE!

A Picture of Southern Life of the Present Day.

Introducing Cotton in full operation: the only novelty of the kind ever used on any stage. Supported by the following well-known artists: Louis Mass, Edward J. Russell, Miss Anna, Anna Cotton, J. H. Hedding, Miss Victoria, Miss Nita O'Neil, Miss Connie Thompson. FIRST—The Judge's Home at Elton; Plantation. SECOND—Interior of the Old House; Elton Plantation. THIRD—The Sea View Hotel Lawn at Elton; Miss Perfection. USUAL PRICES.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, '87

AT LAST! AT LAST!

Special engagement of the Great Musical Comedy.

A COLD DAY!

Or, The Laplanders.

Produced by a Select Company of Singing Comedians, introducing all the latest songs and novelties from every New York success. 2 1/2 Hours of Continued Laughter. Don't Miss It!

SPECIAL—This company carries its own "Special Scenery" and "Mechanical Properties." Reserved seats on sale at Harris's Clear Store. Secure them early. Regular Prices Only. PERKINS D. FISHER, MANAGER.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

MONDAY, OCT. 3, '87

Engagement of the Favorite Comedians.

JOHN F. WARD

As Higgins, in the Charming Domestic Comedy.

THE DOCTOR

An adaptation from the German L'Arronge's.

Mr. Ward will be supported by a carefully selected company. Prices 75c, 50c and 25c. Seats are on sale at Harris's Clear Store.

The Reason Why

Ayer's Pills are so popular is that while always reliable as a cathartic medicine, they never leave any ill effects. This is because they are purely vegetable, and entirely free from calomel or any other dangerous drug. In all cases, therefore, whether the patient be old or young, they may be confidently administered.

In the Southern and Western States, where derangement of the liver is so general, Ayer's Pills have proved an indispensable blessing. Dr. W. B. Baine, New Bern, N. C., writes:

"I suffered a long time with stomach and liver troubles. I tried various remedies, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. These pills benefited me at once. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored. Throughout the year, I have been taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health."

Dyspepsia

and Constipation are almost universal. Mr. Gallacher, a practical chemist, of Roxbury, Mass., who was long troubled with Dyspepsia, writes:

"A friend induced me to try Ayer's Pills, and, after taking one box without much benefit, I was disposed to quit them; but he urged perseverance, and, before I had finished the second box, I began to experience relief. I continued taking them, at intervals, until I had used eleven boxes. I feel that I am now a well man, and grateful to your chemistry, which outstrips all."

The head and stomach are always in sympathy; hence the cause of most of those distressing headaches, to which so many, especially women, are subject. Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes that for years she was a martyr to headache, and never found anything to give her more than temporary relief, until she began taking Ayer's Pills, since which she has been in the enjoyment of perfect health."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DENTISTS.

C. H. COVENEY, DENTAL PARLOR, ROOMS 5 & 6, Mitchell Block.

T. A. LAWREN, DENTIST, 3 E. Cor. Main and Market Sts.

W. H. SMITH, DENTIST, 100 NORTH FRONT ST., Opposite Court House.

JOB PRINTERS.

H. L. LINDENBAUM, 15 and 17 Arcade, Printers of Business and Fashionable Stationery. Wedding cards and calling cards a specialty.

ON PIANO-PLAYING.

"Cubriole" Tells Something About the Trials and Tribulations of an Amateur Piano-Tickler.

The Old Piano and its Inmate Legs—The Neighbor's Child and its Sweet—Sweet Playing—How to Entertain a Party.

Sometimes, in a modest way, I do a little plain family playing on the piano to, writes "Cubriole." It is one way of chasing dull care and the neighbors' children away. It soothes me when I am tired and causes the landlord of the house on the left to reduce the rent in order to keep his tenants from fleeing as a bird.

Our piano is not of the newest make and has no forget-me-nots carved on the calves of its legs, but is surrounded by a wealth of associations and covered with a bright and pretty horse-blanket my girl crow-shade for me. The old piano has stayed with its through thick and thin and has been a mascot. Since it came into our possession and I learned to let my hands fondle with its keys, death has not entered our family, though it has laid its icy hands on many of the neighbors. And yet I play on.

It is the old piano which has witnessed my rise as a player. There was a time when my repertoire was composed exclusively of a gem known as "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater." This is a simple little melody and it takes only one egg to make it, if the neighbor who throws the egg possesses any integrity and accuracy of aim. The piece is easier to play than listen to. You extend one long-extended finger of the right hand and press firmly on the B flat key, which is black and usually has a hunk of gum on it. Then you touch each black note in succession till you get to the quarter-note octave south, vary by your descent by playing G flat, alias F sharp, in a loud and haughty manner with your left forefinger on the bass. When you come to the passage in the selection which depicts Peter in the act of incinerating his unruly wife in a pumpkin shell, you must let loose the founts of passion and throw all the expression possible into your playing, to offset any disreputable remarks the neighbors may throw in to you.

I next learned to play "Home, Sweet Home," with variations in the words and music, both of which were indigenous to me, on 45. Some performers play this number without changing the bass during the evening. This is all wrong, and no one can expect to become a virtuoso and virtu on the piano till he learns to change his color in the bass at least once during a selection. My variations on "Home, Sweet Home" are all in the bass. They consist of beginning on the white C natural in the inception of the trouble and suddenly making a rush for the black C-sharp a half inch above by a series of brilliant runs and cadences before my audience realizes that it is listening to no ordinary instance of piano manner. I play the newly-acquired C-sharp clear on to the end, and by this time the audience have usually concluded that for the present their homes are sweeter than mine.

There is a neighbor's child who comes over to play our piano once in a while. She is a little girl in the matter of sex, and is only eighteen months in this country or any other save that bourne whence no traveler ever goes back to. Her method of playing suggests Wagner in the contralto and suicide in the bass. She is so naive that she rarely pounds on it with both fists, and no other child a trifle of her playing is its extreme sweetness. She always has a hunk of bread and jam when she is performing, and when she gets through I find the erstwhile humble little piano fearfully stuck up and I feel to handle. When she finishes giving a recital, I find the key-board all set for dinner and ready to be served.

It is quite common to seek your finger into a lump of grape jelly while you are playing "Hark the Little while the Pansies are the Poor Child interferences." Neither is it pleasant to have your hand slip into a pool of creamy butter and fall down just as you are mingling with the tenderest passage of "Grinding Up My Uncle's Brother." Last June we had our piano cleaned. Some folks might call it a tune, but I insist on the original term. The piano man came and took out the key-board, like a dentist would yank out a set of false teeth, and then proceeded to remove the hair-pins, bread crumbs, pepper and dust and a dead swarm which the neighbor's child had brought in one day. He took all of these things out of the piano's inside repository, and there was an immediate improvement in the instrument. It did not sound so much like throwing bricks into a cistern as it had, and the local paper market quotations said, "rears fair." If we can keep our baby from gouging the boxes and keys and the treble cadences with its midday meal, hereafter, the piano will stand some wear and tear yet.

I belong to that small army of distressing parties who do not know anything about music and yet insist on inviting friends to listen while they prove it. I play entirely by my right ear, with some little incidental assistance from the forefingers of my right hand. My musical genius is a family tradition. My parents got me into a county fair once while I was yet wearing breeches and before I had come any nearer having heard any music than the slight risk incident to going to Sunday school. At the fair I turned my back to the Flying Dutchman and the leviathan fair and was stretched out my tiny hands to lose one up in the air and fondle it. My father then placed me upon the stool and commenced rumping the bellows with his bunion. Fanning only an instant to cast one pitying look at the crowd and to rub the last of my ice-cream candy on the middle register, I commenced my first time of the piece and was moved by the music that they hurried over into the shadow of the threshing machine where they could hear without disturbing me. I played the tune clear through and they got scared and commenced to cry and wanted to go home. This thought had not occurred to me as soon as it had to the crowd.

A few nights ago I attended a party. I went with my mind made up not to play the piano. After a while conversation lagged, flagged and died. People couldn't talk. Then they commenced importuning me to play. They begged, entreated, implored. The hostess came in with tears in her eyes and whispered in my ear to play for heaven's sake, as everyone was stupid and the party would be a failure.

Well, I finally played. I hadn't let down more than ten bars of music until the crowd woke up to the sensibilities of life. Animation succeeded rapidly and was followed by enthusiasm. Parties shouted across the room at each other. Groups got into corners and laughed and chatted. One young lady leaned across the back of the chair on her wheezy-bound digestion and from time to time a late opera to a red-headed young man. One fellow took down a steel engraving of the wall and handed it up at it. Two dudes tried which could run up the wall the fur-

thest. The piece I was playing had a solemn part to it, representing a weary citizen holding his mother-in-law under the water, and this had to be played soft. I couldn't hear it myself. I quit playing. Instantly there was a long, indignant, reproachful "Aw-w-w!" What made you stop? We were enjoying it so much! And they whined around till they got me to play again. This time I resolved that the babel shouldn't put me down. I hammered. They yelled. I pounded. They screamed. I applied the boot pedal. They got to playing leap frog. I applied both pedals. Somebody commenced drumming on a hammered brass tray with a case-knife. But I wouldn't have stopped yet had not the lady of the house called up to me with a two-year-old little imp in her arms and howled—she had to howl—"Tommy, show the gentleman where the squeals, but you an the n.ck. Po-o-o-r little fellow!"

I quit. I looked at the lacerated neck and regretted that it hadn't been a tarantula instead of a mosquito. I then left.

CANOEIST.

MAGNIFICENT OPENING.

Brilliant Performance of "Monbars" by Mr. Robert B. Mantell, "A Cold Day" Tonight—John F. Ward and O'Dell Williams Coming.

The winter season at Black's opera house was formally opened last night and a large and cultured audience witnessed the performance of "Monbars" by Mr. Robert B. Mantell and his admirable company. The audience was by far the largest that has been in Springfield since the season, and represented the best people of the city. While the audience was at times enthusiastic in its demonstrations of favor, careful discrimination was shown in bestowing the applause. At the conclusion of the third act Mr. Mantell was called before the audience and Mr. Mantell was twice obliged to appear before the audience to acknowledge the hearty applause.

"Monbars" is one of the strongest romantic dramas that has been put on the stage in the last decade. It is admirably constructed, is thoroughly consistent, and unlike many adaptations from the French, has a high moral tone. While it may be said to be a one part play, it contains besides Robert Monbars, several well-drawn characters. Louis Natchal, the author, is a master at stage effects, and it may truthfully be said that in "Monbars" he has culled all his previous efforts in this respect.

Among the many strong situations described in the play there is one in the first act that is entirely new to the stage. It is when Mantell, who has been bitten by a mad dog, takes to the stage. There is a fire, openly canterizes the wound. There is a faint smell of burning flesh and smoke is seen to arise from the wound. Another scene is one in the last act, when the hero, still believing his wife guilty of poisoning him, nevertheless endeavors to save her from the consequences of his death. He writes a letter fully exonerating her and admitting that the villain he suspected is a hydrophobic, from the pangs of which he feels he is about to be overtaken and rather than endure the intense suffering he has committed suicide. In the act of sealing the letter he is astonished to see his supposed friend stealthily drop a powder into the food prepared for him, and which he brings to him to partake of. Turning upon the villain he accuses him of being the poisoner, and the villain knowing that Monbars has signed his own death warrant in the letter he has written, does not deny his guilt, but rather glories in his knavery. Monbars tries to ring for help, but in this he is balked by the villain, and now realizing his dangerous condition and roused to desperation by his friend's perfidy, he rushes to a table of arms from which he takes a pair of swords and daggers, and throwing one each to the villain, a thrilling duel is fought. Monbars kills his opponent, and the play ends happily by the triumph of virtue over crime.

Mr. Mantell, as Robert Monbars, was truly great. In that character he has certainly found a medium through which to display his ability. He is fitted perfectly to the character of the rich sailor, and he delineates it with all the fervor and warmth of a true artist. He is especially strong in the scene at the close of the first act, where he recognizes Louis De Meran.

His support was strong and equally balanced throughout, but special mention should be made of the charming acting of Mrs. Nettie Van Hook, who played the part of Madame Monbars, and treated the Van Sickle was warmly received by the hundreds of her friends and she fairly won the applause of the audience. She had a correct conception of her part, Madame Monbars, and treated the Van Sickle was warmly received by the hundreds of her friends and she fairly won the applause of the audience. She had a correct conception of her part, Madame Monbars, and treated the Van Sickle was warmly received by the hundreds of her friends and she fairly won the applause of the audience.

That laughing absurdity, "A Cold Day," or, The Laplanders, will be presented at the Grand tonight by a company of excellent comedians. Two years ago the audience that witnessed this play packed the Grand to the doors, and it is expected that a big house tonight. The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says of it:

"The laughing absurdity, 'A Cold Day; or, The Laplanders,' presented here yesterday afternoon and last evening, was a play advertised as a laughing absurdity, and laughable it certainly is, with just enough plot to make it interesting. The costumes used in the performance were magnificent and were a real delight to the audience's sense."

"A COLD DAY." "A Cold Day; or, The Laplanders," will be presented at the Grand tonight by a company of excellent comedians. Two years ago the audience that witnessed this play packed the Grand to the doors, and it is expected that a big house tonight. The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says of it:

"The laughing absurdity, 'A Cold Day; or, The Laplanders,' presented here yesterday afternoon and last evening, was a play advertised as a laughing absurdity, and laughable it certainly is, with just enough plot to make it interesting. The costumes used in the performance were magnificent and were a real delight to the audience's sense."

"A COLD DAY." "A Cold Day; or, The Laplanders," will be presented at the Grand tonight by a company of excellent comedians. Two years ago the audience that witnessed this play packed the Grand to the doors, and it is expected that a big house tonight. The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says of it:

CHURCHES TOMORROW.

First Congregational, Center street, between Main and High—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and 11 a. m. preaching by Rev. C. C. E. meeting, 7:30 p. m. third address by Rev. Samuel P. Dunlap to all interested in working men, or in questions being discussed by them. Special theme for the evening, "The Working Man's Organized Labor, with incidental allusion to strikes, lock-outs and boycotts." You are respectfully and earnestly invited. Potable refreshments will be served.

Congregational—Lagoda avenue—Rev. W. Pierce, pastor, will preach in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. C. Folger, superintendent. Y. M. C. A. meeting at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting in the evening at 7:30 p. m. All are invited.

Central M. E. Sabbath school at 9 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. John Pearson, the pastor. Young people's meeting at 8:30 p. m. Seats are free. Strangers cordially welcomed.

St. Paul M. E. church, Yellow Springs street, High—Rev. Charles Collett, pastor. Sunday school at 9 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subject in the morning, "Father's House," in the evening, "Words of Life." Young People's League meets at 8:30 p. m. Seats free and a cordial invitation to all.

Second English Lutheran—L. A. Gotwald, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Wednesday evening services at 7:30 p. m. Young people's meeting at 8:30 p. m. In the evening, "Words of Life." Young People's League meets at 8:30 p. m. Seats free and a cordial invitation to all.

Methodist Protestant Church—Corner of Pleasant and Winter streets, S. S. Fleming, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Lecture in the evening at 7:30 p. m. Subject, "How to have a live Sunday school." All who are interested in the work of the church are invited to attend. We cordially lay all who are interested in the work of the church are invited to attend. We cordially lay all who are interested in the work of the church are invited to attend.

Trinity Baptist church, corner South Lime and Mulberry streets. Preaching by the Rev. J. P. Miller, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Second Presbyterian—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. G. L. Little, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. G. L. Little, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. G. L. Little, pastor.

Trinity Baptist mission chapel on the corner of West Pleasant and old Barton street—Rev. J. P. Miller, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. J. P. Miller, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. J. P. Miller, pastor.

First Lutheran, corner High and Factory streets—Rev. W. H. B. pastor. Sabbath school at 9 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. W. H. B. pastor. Sabbath school at 9 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. W. H. B. pastor.

Second Baptist, south Factory street—Rev. W. H. B. pastor. Sabbath school at 9 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. W. H. B. pastor. Sabbath school at 9 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the Rev. W. H. B. pastor.

Ladies' Aid Society. The improved Ideal Hair Curler, a perfect device for curling and frizing the hair, is the only hair curler made which avoids bringing the heated iron in direct contact with the hair. It is always bright and clean, and with it there is no spoiling or burning the hair or scalp. It possesses the highest recommendations from ladies who have used it. It has enameled handle and handsomely nickel-plated shell and spring.

For sale at Mrs. Wm. Thornton's store, 10 North Market street, directly opposite the rear of Black's dry goods house. Peaches and Grapes. I have made arrangements for peaches and grapes so that I can sell single baskets at wholesale prices. This will last for a few days. Call and examine the stock. C. C. FRANK, Straley's old stand. Try Wheldon & Merrill for coal.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

A LACK OF WELL KEPT LAWNS AND FLOWER GARDENS.

Want of Interest in the Production of Fine Vegetables and Small Fruits in the West—"Hired Men"—Employment of Machinery.

Farmers are often blamed because they do not have well kept lawns and flower gardens in front of their houses, ornamental walks about the premises, arbor and shaded seats. Many state that lack of taste accounts for the absence of all these things. They are common in villages, and they declare they would be common on farms if their owners had any appreciation of them. Farmers are also criticised because they do not raise a great variety of choice vegetables and small fruit for home consumption. They are often reminded that they could live much better than they do, and be at no greater expense for food, if they would only set out and cultivate fruit bearing vines and bushes, have a hot bed and raise fine vegetables, such as celery, asparagus and egg plant. They are reminded that city people have fine vegetables and small fruits on their tables almost continually, while farmers rarely ever have them. They are also informed that all these things "cost money" in town, while they can be had in the country for the trouble of raising them.

LUCK IN LITTLE THINGS.

American farmers, especially those living in the west, are informed that farmers in France, Belgium and Holland obtain the food for their families almost entirely from their gardens and poultry yards, and are thereby able to convert nearly all the product of their fields and pastures into money. It has been shown that French farmers receive several million dollars per year for the eggs they send to England. Farmers in the prairie region of the United States, who have a large part of the garden plays in furnishing food for the farmers in the eastern states, and they are told that the rich soil in the west is much better for producing vegetables than the hard and stony soil of New England and the central states. Still it must be acknowledged that not much progress is made in increasing the production of the vegetables of the west, and that western farmers. The men who follow farming as a business in the west and endeavor to make money by it have few lawns, but little shrubbery, small plantations of fruit, smaller flower gardens, and only apologies for vegetable gardens.

But for all this, and for all that, they are not deficient in good taste, and not unappreciative of the charms of beauty, and not, in the least, the "job" of the "job." They like beautiful surroundings and are fond of good living. A combination of unfavorable circumstances generally prevents them from beautifying their farms, from "fixing up things" about the house, from raising small fruits, and from supplying their tables with choice home grown vegetables. Western farmers are generally large, and the production of field crops is conducted on an extensive scale. Labor is scarcer and dearer than in most of the eastern states, and very much scarcer and dearer than in those foreign countries where so much attention is given to the productiveness of small fruits, choice vegetables and fancy poultry. Most of our "hired men" are new comers—"greenhorns"—who are incompetent to do anything but the coarse and rough work on the place. They require a large amount of directing to enable them to do this properly. The farmer has too many things to look after to entrust to the "job" the time to fruit raising and gardening.

OFF TO THE TOWN.

Hands available for farm work appear to become scarcer every season. Ambitious young men who are acquainted with field and garden work are anxious to obtain farms for themselves while land is cheap. Almost all who work for wages go to the large towns to seek employment. The consequences are a scarcity of farm laborers, poor service and high wages. In many places men competent to raise fruit, to lay out and plant grounds, and to do work in a flower and vegetable garden cannot be obtained for the money that farmers can raise from the sale of crops, wool and meat at the prices they must now be sold for.

The general employment of machinery on farms has also exerted an unfavorable influence on small fruit culture, landscape, vegetable and flower gardening. Persons who have become accustomed to the use of machines in the field do not like to engage in doing work involving the use of hand tools. It may be very light work like preparing beds in a garden, setting out strawberry plants and pruning bushes that produce flowers and fruit—it may be a change from ordinary field labor—but they nevertheless dislike it. The substitution of machines drawn by horses or operated by steam power for tools that must be used by the exercise of human strength has had a tendency to diminish skill in most sorts of manual labor. The man who has used a gang plow, a riding cultivator, a mower, hay rake and self binding harrow for several seasons has lost the skill he once possessed in the use of the spade, the garden rake, the hand hoe and the pruning knife. He is no longer "handy" at any kind of garden work, and as a consequence he neglects it.—Chicago Times.

When taken with cramps in the stomach, relief may be found at once by the use of Fred. Brown's Jamaica Ginger.

The Graphic Press company, of Cincinnati, failed. Liabilities, \$35,000.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy. It was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well." "My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE DAILY

REPUBLIC

GIVES ITS READERS

24 COLUMNS

MORE MATTER EVERY WEEK THAN

ANY OTHER PAPER PUBLISHED

IN THE CITY.

32 COLUMNS

For five days in the week, and on

SATURDAY, 8 PAGES & 56 COLUMNS

Of choice Miscellany, together with a full report of all

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS,

ALL FOR

10 CTS. PER WEEK!

Sent by mail, postage prepaid, or delivered by carrier at your home or place of business.

IT IS THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER

In this part of Ohio, and the recognized news medium of Springfield and Clark County. If not already a subscriber,

SEND IN YOUR NAME.

HERE TO STAY!

THE BOSTON STORE, NO. 9 EAST 4TH ST., Always Sell at the Lowest Prices

AND GIVE THE BEST GOODS. FALL GOODS ARE COMING IN EVERY DAY. CALL AND GET PRICES BEFORE BUYING.